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SELECT POEMS

OF

VOITURE

Translated by Mr. WEBSTER.



VOL. I.

a

[To be placed at the End.]

SELECTED POEMS

OF



Translated by Mr. Webster

TO THE
READER.



S I have translated so few of Mons. Voiture's Poems, it will doubtless seem odd, that I should write a Preface; but I hope this will be excused, by my telling the Public, it is not so much intended to give an Account of the Pieces I have translated, as to assign my Reasons for not translating more.

It is certain, that the Verses of M. Voiture are sprightly and full of Wit; but on the other hand, I beg Leave to observe, that they are wrote entirely in the French Taste, and are therefore incapable of retaining their Beauties in a Literal Version.

Among his Poems, there are several STANZAS written on particular Subjects, and referring to Circumstances which would require Notes of considerable Length to make them intelligible to an English Reader. One of these however, On a Lady bewailing the Loss of her Lap-dog, I have ventured to translate, and the Reader may from thence form some Judgment of the Merit of the rest.

His SONNETS are very beautiful, and replete with fine Thoughts, but chiefly turn on the Fables of the Ancients, and, for that Reason, would not suit well with the Taste now in Vogue. That which I have translated, is one of the best of them, and the Author was so pleased with the Fable which runs through it, that he could not help making Use of it more than once.

His SONGS are lively, easy, and full of delicate Turns, they are most of them set to Airs which were common in his Time, and this prompted me to put a Tune to that which I have made choice of to serve as a Specimen of the rest.

His RONDEAUS are more numerous than his other Poems; but as their Structure renders them unfit for an English Ear, which is never pleased with a Sameness of Sound in poetical Compositions, I have not meddled with them.

His Letters in Verse, are written mostly in feigned Characters; are full of Wit and Spirit, but abound at the same time with a Multitude of Passages which would appear scarce intelligible in English, unless I had explained them with all the Prolixity of a Dutch Commentator. On the whole, therefore, I have chosen to present the Public rather with a Nosegay of choice Flowers, than with a Basket full plucked at Random.

*St. James's,
20 Feb. 1735.*

J. WEBSTER.



P O E M S

BY

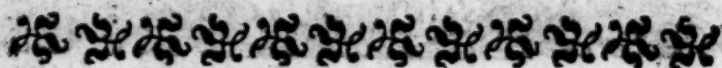
V O I T U R E.

S O N N E T.

As *Phyllis*, undress'd, in a sweet Summer's Night,
Was walking alone, and the Meadow adorning,
All Nature, amaz'd at so pleasing a Sight,
Took her for *Aurora*, and thought it was Morning.

The Earth pour'd out Flowers to delight the fair Queen,
To salute her the Birds in a Concert conspire,
And the Stars, her bright Eyes when once they had seen,
O'er come by their Lustre, began to retire.

Now *Phæbus* resolving these Faults to amend,
New harness'd his Horses, new pointed each Ray,
But when he survey'd her, asham'd to contend,
To *Thetis* return'd, and left her to give Day.



STANZAS

ON

A LADY bewailing the Loss of her
LAP-DOG.

L OVELY Goddess of my Heart,
Dry those Eyes, and weep no more ;
Why should you such Grief impart,
Why complain of Care and Smart,
Whom a thousand Swains adore ?

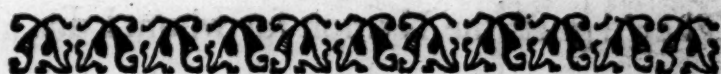
Careless of their mighty Pain,
You those Floods of Sorrow shed,
Tho' you know them all in vain,
Tho' you know they can't regain,
Your fav'rite *Chloe*, from the Dead.

Yes, 'tis true a Goddess wept,
A Goddess fair almost as you,
Her Tears a constant Current kept,
As down her pallid Cheeks they leapt,
But 'twas a Man those Torrents drew.

Madness

Madness 'tis in you to mourn,
 At such a Rate so slight a Thing,
 At length 'tis time you should return,
 From dropping upon *Chole's* Urn,
 Tears which might re-call a King.

Dry, my Fair One, dry those Eyes,
 Lest I paint with angry Pen,
 How much the Canine Breed you prize,
 The human Race how much despise,
 Who weep for Dogs, and murder Men.



S O N G.

To the Tune of,

Did ever Swain a Nymph adore, &c.

I Rave, I doat, yet dare not speak,
 Or say what Pains for her I prove,
 For better my poor Heart should break,
 Than the World know the Nymph I love.
 A Nymph so fair ! so bright ! so high !
 Hush Muse !—they'll guess for whom I die.

Should I describe her sparkling Eyes,
 Her Ruby lips, her Cheeks so sweet,
 Her Breasts, which gently sink and rise,
 Her Looks, where Air and Grandeur meet;
 Soon, soon my Secret they'd descry,
 And guess the Nymph for whom I die.

Or would my Muse but reach her Wit,
 Her Sense sublime, her Words so just,
 Which ev'ry various Subject fit,
 As Nature only her would trust;
 With Charms which with each other vie,
 They'd guess the Nymph for whom I die.

Nay, quitting Wit and Beauty too,
 Should I but sing her cold Disdain,
 Tell how she scorns me when I sue,
 And triumphs in her Lover's Pain;
 Distinguish'd by her Cruelty,
 They'd guess the Nymph for whom I die.





P E T I T I O N

To his Eminency

Cardinal *Mazarin*,In favour of his *Coach-Man*, who had
overturned Him.

MAY it please your Lordship, Grace to
 Unto a wretched Penitent ; [grant
 And full Forgiveness to bestow,
 On him, who wrought your Overthrow ;
 Not thro' Design, Heaven Witness be,
 But by Ill-Luck, or Levity ;
 The hardy Driver ne'er had read,
 Of *Phaeton*, what Chance he had,
 For driving like this hapless Clown,
 The flaming Chariot of the Sun ;
 Or had he read,——'tis odds he might
 Have gain'd——but little Caution by't ;
 For who, tho' pressing Danger near,
 Could from a Bosom chill'd with Fear,
 The Aid of any Saint importune,
 Who carry'd *Cæsar* and his Fortune.

E L E G Y.

The CRUELTY of COQUETS.

I Know, BELISA, Heaven, both just and kind,
To your bright Form, has join'd a brighter Mind;
A Mind, which suited with no other Place,
Than your fair Bosom, and the Sky's wide Space;
I know that Nature, and the Gods have done,
Nothing for Beauty can with you be shewn;
And that less Glory doth to them arise,
From framing Stars, than forming of those Eyes.

All this I say with no Design to please,
But merely that my Bosom may have Ease;
I own that *Phæbus*, who with piercing Rays,
All that's above, and all below surveys,
Sees no such Beauty, nor can ever see,
Tho' without End his glorious Journey be:
That Love has lavish'd all his Charms on you,
Set all your Features with a Hand so true,
That Minds unciviliz'd, when you appear,
Forget their Rudeness, and consent to Fear:
The Graces play amid your flowing Hair,
Tune all your Words, and move in each soft Air,
While little Loves, your smiling Looks attend,
Increase your Train, and to your Dictates bend:

Thus

Thus without Pains, nay e'en without a Thought,
Our Eyes are wounded, and our Minds are caught ;
Your Looks, your Words, your Motions, and your Smiles,
Each thousands kill, and yet new Hearts beguiles.
But in this mighty Mass of various Charms,
This Blaze of Beauty which the World alarms,
I who survey you with impartial Eye,
A Thousand Faults, a thousand Flaws can spy ;
Nay, when I count them, scarcely can I tell,
If most your Graces or Defects excel.

While lavish Nature, wantonly employ'd
Her utmost Power that all should be enjoy'd,
Of Wit or Beauty, which might make your Reign
Extensive, glorious, easy to maintain ;
These only she forgot to give her Queen,
A Humor pleasing, and a Soul serene :
Thro' want of these, a thousand Things you do,
With such a Levty as quite o'erthrow
The mighty Empire conquer'd by your Eyes,
And make us, what we once ador'd, despise.

Forgive, BELISA, this unpleasing Verse,
And let my Muse, with friendly Zeal, rehearse
The Foibles which can so much Beauty mar ;
That Soul at once so cruel, so bizzar,
As quite distracts each captivated Heart,
And fills it only with a varied Smart :
Believe me, noble Breasts will ne'er endure,
So harsh a Reign, without the Hopes of Cure ;
Souls born to Servitude can only brook,
Words full of Scorn, and the Imperious Look.

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Of Incense covetous, and mad for Praise,
 You set your Beauties to create Amaze;
 And tho' yourself incapable of Love,
 Do all you can your Conquests to improve,
 Proud to extend a fierce tyrannic Reign,
 And pleased to scatter Anguish, Grief, and Pain;
 Fond to be talk'd of for a cruel Fair,
 And ever glad to see that wild Despair,
 With Jealousy and Life-destroying Woe,
 The Lover's Peace, with endless Cares, o'erthrow,
 As if 'twere noble to destroy Mankind,
 The Mark of an exalted vig'rous Mind,
 And not the Sign of an inhuman Soul,
 Which Pity cannot touch, or Love controul,
 Which quickly cures the Mischiefs it creates,
 And all th' Effects of your bright Charms abates:
 For who can long such fiery Tryals bear,
 Your Chains are grievous, but in Time they wear,
 Like Lightning, as they pierce with sudden Rage,
 So for no length of Time these Flames engage;
 But hasty as they came, they soon retire,
 A fierce, a cruel, and unlasting Fire;
 For Loves that long continue, are begun
 By the mild Influence of a kindly Sun,
 Grow by Degrees to Passions strongest Height,
 By the same Glances of propitious Light.
 Now weak, now glim'ring, and now bright and strong,
 Th'encreasing Flame burns bright, and clear, and long,
 Such as of old inspir'd the Poet's Song.
 A Flame like this, your Charms will never raise;
 You fly too quick, and thirst for varied Praise,

Like

Like some fierce Wind which brushes o'er the Deep,
Without regard a Thousand Hearts you sweep;
Yet never more attend their Grief and Pain,
Proud to acquire, and careless to maintain;
Pleas'd with the trembling Lover's first Approach,
More pleas'd to hear him storm, complain, reproach,
Vent all the various Motions of Despair,
And call you angry and relentless Fair.

Thus daily you your matchless Charms employ,
A Thousand Loves you kindle and destroy,
Without Intention, fickle, false, and vain,
Inconstant, light, and changing as the Main;
Incapable of feeling true Delight,
You, like some wand'ring Star, distract our Sight,
Mislead, abuse, and to no End inspire,
A hapless, hopeless, unavailing Fire,
For one devoid of Pity, Truth, and Love,
Born to give Pain, and not that Pain remove.

In Time, BELISA, to yourself attend,
Be to your Beauty and your Fame a Friend,
Reform your Foibles, give your Graces Weight,
And let your Charms attain their utmost Height;
Heav'n hath bestow'd what may support your Sway,
And teach unnumber'd Lovers to obey,
To wear with Patience, nay with Joy, your Chain,
And swell in Crowds your long extended Train.
What wants of this, must by yourself be done,
'Tis you must finish what the Gods begun,
Learn then to please, and cease our Hearts to vex,
Then shine the Best and Fairest of your Sex.



STANZAS

ON

On a LADY Singing.

I.

WHEN fair BELISA deigns to sing,
How quickly hush'd is every Noise,
While ev'ry Soul upon the Wing
Attends the Music of her Voice.

II.

Caught by the pleasing powerful Sound,
She sits alone attentive here,
And quits the Senses ample Round
For the small Circle of the Ear.

III.

Ye Syrens give the Sailors Peace,
Resign the Fame you've held so long,
Your Sense-deluding Ditties cease,
O'ercome by her enchanting Song.

IV.

IV.

Caught by the Magic of your Strains,
The heedless Seaman met his Fate,
On bright BELISA's Voice the Swains,
With unembitter'd Transports, wait.

V.

Black Care at her soft Notes lies still,
Tormenting Thoughts perplex no more ;
Our Reason urges on our Will,
And all but Fools the Fair adore.

VI.

The purling Streams, the feather'd Choir,
Amphion's Lute, and *Orpheus* too,
The Notes of Swans when they expire,
Yield, yield, BELISA all to You.

VII.

The heavenly Musick of the Sphere,
Apollo's Lyre, the tuneful Nine ;
Since they with her cannot compare,
Be silent Muse—— How faint is thine ?

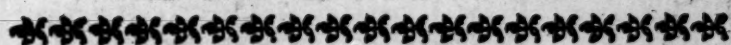


A most Humble
P E T I T I O N
T O

Cardinal *Mazarin,*

In Behalf of a *Coachman*, who was so unlucky as to overturn Him.

Great Priest, who hast all Priests surpast,
Of present Times or Ages past;
With just Success, O let me sue
For Him, who your Calash o'erthrew:
Well might He, heedless of Disaster,
Drive *Jehu* like with such a Master,
Nor dread a more unlucky Fate
From uneven Roads, than Rubs of State;
Since War, nor Peace, nor Negotiation,
E'er lost Your Eminence Your Station;
For tho' sometimes You Falls might meet,
Yet still You have fallen upon Your Feet.



S O N G.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

I.

SOME whom ambitious Hopes beguile,
And some who by Experience prove,
That Fortune mars their utmost Toil,
Die out of Grief, as I of Love.

II.

On a bleak Rock, so Fate decrees,
Prometheus feels the Wrath of *Jove*;
Yet safe from Death himself he sees,
While I, alas! must die of Love.

III.

O Love, thou Fever of the Mind,
No Balm can ease, no Art remove,
What Pains from thy fierce Flame we find;
When thus we sigh, we die for Love.

IV.

As his wild Strains Despair supply'd,
To vent his Woes, thus *Thyrsis* strove,
While echoing Hills, and Groves reply'd,
Alas! I die, I die for Love!



THE
New-Year's Gift.

In the Manner of
VOITURE.

SEE, lovely Maid, the humble Muse appear,
To hail your Beauties, and th' opening Year;
Let every Day progressive Pleasures bring
To Winter's Close, from the first Dawn of Spring;
With growing Lustre may your Eyes still shine,
If ought can add to what is now divine;
May still new Lovers swell the num'rous Train
Of those who from thy Charms derive their Pain;
Who Wounds from ev'ry killing Feature find,
But suffer most from your relentless Mind;
That Mind, whose Virtues mighty as they are,
And only equall'd by a Face so fair,
Can hardly for that Cruelty atone,
Which in Despite of Nature's Laws you've shewn.

The Sun for only his all-pleasing Light
Compared with thine can do thy Beauties Right:

If

If merely to delight our Eyes he rov'd,
 And Harvest did not follow as he mov'd,
 Should we rejoyce at his returning Ray,
 Or with such Transports see the lengthen'd Day?
 Ah no : 'tis not his Brightness we admire,
 But the warm Fruits of his all-ripening Fire,
 That Fire that bids the blooming Buds appear,
 And loads the yellow *Autumn* of the Year.

No longer then indulge a cruel Reign,
 Smile then no more at propagating Pain,
 But let thy Breast some worthy Passion move,
 Be just to Merit, and be kind to Love :
 Throw by the Scepter of tyrannic Sway,
 And gentle *Hymen's* pleasing Rule obey ;
 So shall the Muse your lasting Fame prolong
 In many a pleasant Lay and sweet-tuned Song ;
 Till then adieu. — My Strings are all unbound,
 Your cold Disdain forbids the Lyre to sound.

SONNET to CELIA.

I.

IN the Morn when *Celia* wakes,
 The Earth is strait array'd in Flowers :
 Vigour from her Eyes it takes,
 And thus a grateful Tribute pours.

II.

Celia 'midst the Circle stands,
 And Charms with a superior Light ;

XX *M. VOITURE's Poems.*

As *Cynthia* 'midst the Stars commands,
Which gild the fable Face of Night.

III.

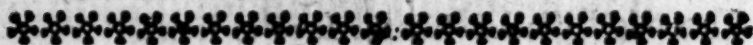
Yet not with greater Force her Eyes,
Her Cheeks, her Lips, her Bosom warms;
Than those high Qualities surprize,
With which her heavenly Genius charms.

IV.

Powerful Reason, sprightly Wit,
Easy Language, Humor free,
These for Empire *Celia* fit;
These have made a Slave of me.

V.

Yet well pleas'd my Yoke I wear,
While I her Form, her Virtues view;
Who would Chains impatient bear,
Forged by Love and Reason too?



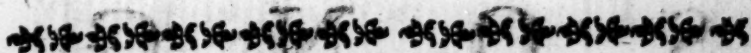
S T A N Z A S,

On gathering *Celia* a Garland.

L Ovely Flowers which gild the Plain,
Brightest Stars in *Flora's* Train,
Roses, Violets, Lilies fair,
While from your green Beds I tear,
Think not that with heedless Hand,
I deface each beauteous Band,

And

And with eager cruel Haste,
 Lay these fragrant Borders waste.
 'Tis for *Celia* I design,
 The bright Garland which I twine;
 Lovely Eyes, and jetty Hair,
 Ruby Lips and Forehead fair,
 These adorn the much lov'd Maid,
 My Cruelty no more upbraid;
 Fairer than in Beds you'll show
 Circled round her Iv'ry Brow.
 Tho' in Time your Colours fade,
 Cold and Wind your Leaves invade
 As you wither, shrink, and die,
 Charming *Celia* throws you by;
 Grieve not, Flowers, you only share
 Her neglected Lover's Fare:
 A like Fate since we shall know,
 Let us mutual Pity show.



S T A N Z A S.

I.

OLD *Cybele* the other Day
 The Gods unto a Feast invited,
 Where Mirth, and Wit, and jocund Play,
 The laughing Deities delighted.

II.

II.

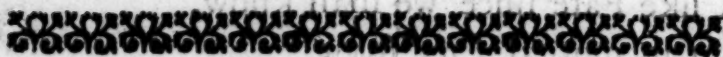
But as around the Nectar went,
Fresh Pleasures still each Glass inspiring,
They the swift passing Minutes spent
Of various charming Things enquiring.

III.

Phæbus to each amorous God
Who was of Beauty's Power declaiming,
Venus and *Chloe* both propos'd,
And asked which was the most inflaming.

IV.

For *Chloe* loudly they declared,
Venus shall hear the Tale with Horror,
Of all who had her Favours shared,
Momus and *Vulcan* only for her.



S O N G.

The HAPPY LOVER.

CUPID never touch'd a Heart,
Better pleas'd with Love than mine,
I, his Quiver bless and Dart,
Aim so just, and Skill divine.
I love, I love, tho' strange yet true,
I love, and I am happy too.

II.

II.

Restless Days and sleepless Nights,
 I from Passion oft endure,
 Yet the Pain my Heart delights,
 Never do I wish a Cure.
 I love, and tho' 'tis strange 'tis true,
 I love, and I am happy too.

III.

Cruel Darts of deep Despair,
 Much they pain, but soon are past;
 Hope surpassing still my Care,
 Tells me I shall thrive at last.
 Thus I love, 'tis strange yet true,
 I love, and I am happy too.

IV.

To his Martyrs *Cupid* gives
 Secret Joys in midst of Pain,
 Pleasure in my Bosom lives,
 Varied Woes tho' I sustain.
 While I love, 'tis strange tho' true,
 Woe I feel, and Pleasure too.

V.

Bleeding tho' my Heart still lyes
 I can triumph in a Smile,
 Gaze transported on those Eyes,
 Which pain, and which my Pains beguile.
 I love, I love, how strange! how true!
 I love, and yet am happy too.

VI.

VI.

Choris has from Heaven derived
 Gifts which make me still adore,
 Tho' I were of Hope deprived,
 I would love her more and more:
 For I love, and yet 'tis true,
 I love, and I am happy too.

VII.

Cruel should the fair One be,
 Should she make me no Return,
 Constant she her Swain should see,
 With unceasing Flame I'd burn:
 For I love, and yet 'tis true,
 While I love, I'm happy too.

VIII.

Fondly let my Bosom glow,
 While of *Chloris* thus I sing;
 Pleasures from true Passion flow,
 Wealth or Honour cannot bring.
 Thus I love, tho' strange 'tis true,
 I love, and I am happy too.

IX.

Freedom now no more I prize,
 Doating on the lovely Dame,
 All my Joy in Bondage lies,
 And the Muse shall still proclaim,
 That I love, and that 'tis true,
 I love, and yet am happy too.

VERSES



V E R S E S

Occasioned by

Mr. D U R F Y 's adding an &c.
at the End of his Name.

In Imitation of VOITURE's Verses
on *Neuf-Germain*.

By Mr. P O P E.

L'autre jour Jupiter manda, &c.

FOVE call'd before Him, t'other Day,
The Vowels, U, O, I, E, A;
And discontented Consonants,
Either of *England* or of *France*,
That seem'd to fill the Name unworthy
Of fam'd *Tom Durfy*, or *De-Urse*.

Fierce in the Cause, the Letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *Mutes* turn'd vocal;

b

Those

xxvi *M. VOITURE'S Poems.*

Those four proud Syllables alone

Were silent, which kind Fate thought worthy
To run so smoothly, one by one,

In the great Name of *Thomas Durfy*.

N, by whom Names subsist, declar'd
To have no Place in this, was hard;
And Q maintain'd 'twas but his Due
Still to keep Company with U;
So hoped to stand, as well as He,
In the Great Name of *Tom. Durfy*.

E, shew'd, a Comma ne'r could claim
A Place in any *British* Name;
Yet, making here a perfect Botch,
Thrusts your poor Vowel from his Notch:
Hiatus mihi Valde Defendus!
From which good *Jupiter* defend us,
Who'd sooner quit our Part in Thee,
Than be no Part in *Tom. Durfy*.

B, and L, swore Bl—d and W—nds;
X, and Z, cried P---x, and Z---nds;
G, swore by G---d, it should not be,
And W, would not lose, not He,
An *English* Letter's Property
In the Great Name of *Tom. Durfy*.

P, protested, puff'd, and swore
He'd ne'r be serv'd so like a Beast,
He was a Piece of Emperor,
And made up half a *Pope* at least.

M. VOITURE'S Poems. xxvii

C, vow'd, he'd frankly have releas't
His double Share in *Cæsar Caius*,
For only one in *Tom. Durfeius*.

I, Consonant and Vowel too,
To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
That of his Grace he'd make a Patent,
To turn the Name into good *Latin*:
For tho' without them ('twas most clear)
Himself cou'd ne'er be *Jupiter*,
Yet they'd resign that Post so high,
To be the Genitive *Durfei*.
In short, the rest were all in Fray,
From *Cris-cross*, to *Et Cætera*:
Ev'n they (mere Standers by too) mutter'd;
Diphthongs and Triphthongs, swore and stutter'd,
That none had so much Right to be
Part of the Name of stutt'ring T—
T--- *Tom-A-Afs* D--- *Dur-F-fy*.

Then *Jove* thus spake, with Care and Pain,
We form'd this Name renown'd in Rhyme,
Not thine, Immortal *Neuf-Germain*,
Lost studious Providence more Time,
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to ~~hence~~ you'll repair,
And turn strange Hieroglyphicks there,
Rather than Letters longer be,
Unless i'th' Name of *Tom. Durfy*.

xxviii M. VOITURE'S Poems.

Were you all pleas'd, yet what I pray
To other Letters cou'd I say?
What if the *Hebrew* next shou'd claim
To turn quite backwards *Durfy's* Name?
Shou'd the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx* I
Cou'd ne'er bring in Ψ , and Ξ :
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Wou'd each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*:
And all th' Ambitious Vowels vie,
No less than *Pythagorick Y*
To have a Place in *Tom. Durfy*.

Then Well-belov'd, and 'Trusty, Letters,
Cons'nants, and Vowels too, their Betters!
We, willing to repair this Breach,
And (all that in us lies) please each,
Et cætera to our Aid will call;
Et cætera represents ye all:
Et cætera therefore we decree,
For ever henceforth join'd shall be,
To the Great Name of *Tom. Durfy*.



LARINDA.

LARINDA, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sat pensive, and folding her Arms.

Her Lute, and her shining Attire,
Neglected were laid at her Side;
While, pining with hopeless Desire,
The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd :

Oh ! cou'd the past Hours but return,
When I triumph'd in ANGELOT's Heart;
LARINDA wou'd mutually burn,
Wou'd mutually suffer the Smart :

But far from the Plain he is gone !
Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,
And LARINDA no more is his Care.

How oft at these Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his sorrowful Fate !
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I foolishly doated on State.

I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To sparkle in golden Array;
By my Dress, and my Charms, to be known
In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no-Blessing could prove,
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,
And I flighted poor ANGELOT's Love.

Such Madness besotted my Mind,
I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;
I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,
Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!
In Bliss I had rivall'd a Queen,
Had been my dear ANGELOT's Bride.

With Him more Content I had found,
Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;
For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,
With a Passion that never would die.

I had feasted with innocent Joy,
On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease,
While the Fears which the Great-Ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.

But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!
His Love I can never regain:

And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph, all in Tears;
When the Swain to the Green did advance,
In his Hand his new Consort appears,
With a Train gaily joyn'd in a Dance.

Impatient and sick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting in Silence, expir'd.

T H E

LOVER's TOMB.

Imitated from an *Italian* POET.

N O stately Pyramid I'd have,
Nor *Parian* Marble o'er my Grave,
Adorn'd with pompous Epitaph;
To tell to late Posterity,
My fam'd Exploits and Pedigree;
But when my Soul shall take her Flight
To the gay Climes of endless Light,
May the cold Earth but hide my Face,
And press me with a light Embrace:
Then musing on the jovial Days,
While tender CELIA tun'd my Lays,

(Whose

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(Whose Image still my Heart retains,
 And glories in her easy Chains)
 And full of Thoughts on Pleasures past,
 To keep my Tenure to the last,
 That I may still officious prove
 To CUPID, and the *Queen of Love*,
 When Death shall take it from my Pow'r,
 To act their Dictates as before ;
 Up-rising from the Ground, I'd be
 Transform'd into a *Myrtle-Tree* ;
 There, upon ev'ry First of *May*,
 Shou'd sprightly Nymphs keep Holy-day ;
 And all who love the wanton Sport,
 Shou'd thither full of Hopes resort ;
 And oft around me shou'd advance,
 With merry Song, and frolick Dance ;
 And toy, and laugh, and kifs away
 The fleeting Hours, and bless the Day ;
 And she whose Kifs is sweetest own'd,
 With my sweet Branches shou'd be crown'd.
 Then thus might some well-meaning Tongue
 Recount my Praise amidst the Throng :

*The Man whose Bones lie here, at Rest,
 Was once as Merry as the Best ;
 A true Support of HYMEN's Laws,
 Who durst have dy'd in CUPID's Cause :
 And one, who thus has pass'd the Test,
 Deserves an hearty Wish, at least.
 Then fill the Bowl, and send it round ;
 Soft be his Bed ! his Slumbers sound !*

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The Shepherd-Swain, securely laid
Beneath the Shelter of my Shade,
May tend his Flock, and sing his Dame,
And tell the vocal Woods his Flame,
In Notes so tuneful, as may move
The Nymph to listen to his Love;
Who vanquish'd, hither will retire
To quench her longing Lover's Fire;
And many a Sigh, and many a Kiss,
Shall guide them to transporting Bliss:
Then, while they languishing with Desire,
I'll shoot my springing Branches higher:
My Berries too shall sweeter grow,
And brighten'd wear a nobler Hue.
Then DAPHNE's self to me shall yield,*
And CYPARISSUS quit the Field.†

* Daphne was changed into a Laurel.

† Cyparissus was changed into a Cypress. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

E R R A T A.

In the Dedication.

P Age ii. line 11. *dele a.*
p. iv. l. 10. *read peruse.*

In the Letters.

Page 2. line 4. *read to be.*
p. 4. l. 6. *r. at this.*
p. 15. l. 5. *r. Madam De Guiche.*